

DEVIL ANSE, LAST OF BLUE RIDGE FEUDISTS



FEUD KILLERS, UNDER GUARD, ON THEIR WAY TO TRIAL.



HOME OF ED. CALLAHAN OF CROCKETTVILLE.



CURTIS JETT, NOW AN EVANGELIST ONCE A FEUDIST FIGHTER WITH NOTCHES ON HIS GUN STOCK.



WILD RIDES LIKE THIS OVER SIMILAR MOUNTAIN ROADS, CHARACTERIZE THE GUERRILLA WARFARE OF FEUDS.



BEECH HARGIS, WHO INHERITED A PART IN THE BREATHITT COUNTY FEUD.



CLANS OF BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINEERS LIKE THESE CARRY ON THE FEUDS.

His Soubriquet Won Many Years Ago in Desperate Fight Against Odds When Cornered in the Mountains

a short time the whole house was blazing on the roof. By this time the McCoy's had awakened and found themselves hemmed in by their deadliest enemies. Old man "Rand" McCoy tried to extinguish the fire when the Hatfields opened fire with their rifles. Calvin McCoy, the remaining son of "Rand," replied to it from the lower floor, while his father used his rifle from upstairs. Some of the Hatfields got across the clearing which surrounded the house and going to the door of the room occupied by Alaphare McCoy, a fifteen-year-old daughter of "Rand," knocked. The room opened on a passageway which the Hatfields had reached without being perceived by the defenders.

Two Women Butchered.

The girl answered the knock and she heard a man in the dark command her to make a light. She refused, and then a shot was fired, killing the girl instantly. Mrs. McCoy heard the shot which killed her daughter and rushed toward the room. One of the Hatfields on duty in the passageway captured her and beat her into unconsciousness. The fire by this time was fast consuming the house. The McCoy's determined to try to escape. Calvin dashed out, intending to make his way to an outbuilding where he could continue the fight. The first light gave him away, however, and several rifles were brought to bear on him. He was struck by a number of bullets and fell dead within a few feet of his goal. "Rand" McCoy then, firing his last shot into the ranks of his enemies, dashed out the same way his son had gone. Though several shots were fired at him he reached safety. Mrs. McCoy recovered after a long period of illness from the blows and kicks she had received.

Ellison Mounts, it was finally proved after a long series of legal fights, killed young Alaphare McCoy on the bloody night, and he was hanged in 1890. An attempt to smuggle poison to him by a member of his gang failed, and he paid the penalty in the presence of the largest crowd ever seen in the mountain section up to that time. John Hatfield, Valentine Hatfield and various others of the band were given long terms in the State penitentiary at Frankfort.

This ended the Hatfield-McCoy feud. Many of both sides moved away from the region which had brought so much death and sorrow to all concerned; others remained there to grow up into useful men and women and to help develop the great resources in that section. Some went into the Spanish-American war, while others, too young, entered to fight the Germans. The clansmen are friendly now, they have intermarried to some extent, and those of both families who are left are living in amity with the world. There is no danger that there ever will be another Hatfield-McCoy feud.

Anse Got Religion.

Devil Anse has lived far back in the mountains since the feud ended. When he joined the church some years ago a sensation ensued. But he declared he was sincere, and his people flocked to join him in his conversion.

None of the Hatfields or McCoy's looked like murderers. They are

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Chieftain of the Hatfields Near End of His Life's Journey After Long Surviving War With the McCoy's

It is possible that by the time this story is published Anderson Hatfield, better known as Devil Anse, for years leader of the Hatfield faction in its noted war with the McCoy family in eastern Kentucky, will be dead. Reports from his home say he is very low and that it is believed he can survive only a few hours.

However, no man has seen death peeping around the corner at him on more occasions and dodged just in time than has this same Anderson Hatfield, and it may be that he will be able to dodge again.

But if he should not he has plenty of time to live. He is now nearly four long years behind him, more than half of which was spent in the most desperate of all games—that of saving his own skin and of doing as much harm to the other fellow as he could.

Devil Anse has worn this title for nearly thirty years as a law abiding citizen, although he won it by driving off a detachment of McCoy's when they cornered him high up on a West Virginia mountain range called "The Devil's Backbone." Anse used his rifle to such good advantage then that he beat off his enemies and gained a nickname that has been heard of wherever daily papers are read.

Tall, straight as an Indian, wearing an old coonskin cap and carrying the same rifle which he is said to have used during the bloody fighting in the mountains, Hatfield has been an infrequent visitor to towns in the vicinity of his home for the last few years. He always attracted attention, not only because of the appearance he made, but because everybody knew he was Devil Anse.

He is the last of the old time feud chieftains. The McCoy's—the feudists of them—are all gone; the Tollivers and the Martins of the Rowan county war have been gathered to their fathers; over in Breathitt county Judge Jim Hargis and "Deacon" Ed Callahan have long since died violent deaths; down in Clay county the Howards and the Bakers are at peace; the Eversoles and the French factions have buried the hatchet too deep to dig up over in Perry county—Fult French is dead, too—and the lesser "wars" have passed into the realms of things that are not.

Of course, there are lesser members of the Hatfield and McCoy family who still live in their sections of the Kentucky and West Virginia mountains; they are not feudists—they are among the best citizens in those sections, and many of them have made money since the coal and oil lands have begun to yield riches.

This McCoy Killed Germans. And, then, young Pete McCoy, a handsome youngster, has come back from Germany, and he has a record that any man in the world would be proud of. He killed nearly a score of Germans in one day and captured more than thirty, which is a great record. And he recently sent word to the army recruiting office in Lexington that he intended to rejoin the army.

The Hatfield-McCoy feud was a silly enough piece of business at the start, but before it ended it had brought death to at least one hundred men

and a few women and children, heart tearing sorrow to many others, and had almost caused civil war between the States of West Virginia and Kentucky.

One day Randolph ("Rand") as he was called, rode by a hogpen and noticed several shots therein. They were ostensibly the property of Floyd Hatfield, but McCoy claimed them as his. The matter did not get to the fighting stage then, and a civil action was brought in magistrate's court. Deacon Hatfield, one of the big family, was trial magistrate. Every member of both factions who could get there attended, and nearly every one carried a rifle or revolver.

Hatfield won possession of the hogs, and the bad blood engendered on that day did not end for nearly a score of years. Several minor fights occurred, but nobody was hurt badly enough to call for attention, save that the hurts inflicted were by, as each considered it, a deadly enemy.

It is stated that the first fight of consequence occurred in 1880, when Paris and Samuel McCoy, younger branches of the family, met William Stayton, a Hatfield henchman, in the mountains. Stayton got the drop on the two McCoy's and shot Paris, who fell, but managed to twist his gun toward Stayton, whom he shot in the chest. Neither was badly injured and their hatred was so great that they sprang at each other in a hand to hand fight. Their rifles were empty, so they gouged and hit and bit until both were bloody. Then, it is said by legend, Samuel McCoy came to the aid of his brother and with a pistol shot Stayton through the head.

Paris McCoy gave himself up to the officers and at the examining trial before one of the Hatfield faction was released. Samuel McCoy escaped into the mountains, but was pursued and finally caught by Elias Hatfield. A jury freed him.

After this all was quiet until the

late summer of 1882, when members of the two factions met at an election. A quarrel broke out between rival members and after some preliminary fighting Ellison Hatfield is said to have dared Talbert McCoy to fight him. McCoy accepted and the two went at it. Hatfield got the better of McCoy, who suddenly drew a knife and plunged it several times into Hatfield's body. Hatfield with superhuman strength and his body bleeding from several deep gashes threw McCoy to the ground and grasping a big rock raised it to crush McCoy's skull. Then, it is alleged, Phamer McCoy shot Hatfield. Some of the Hatfields have claimed that young "Rand" McCoy stabbed Hatfield as his relative had done.

Phamer, Tolbert and "Rand" McCoy, Jr., were arrested, while Hatfield was carried to the home of a henchman. Some of the Hatfields guarded the prisoners for a time, as did their father "Rand" McCoy, Sr. Finally it was decided to move the three young men to Pikeville, the county town of Pike county, in which the fight had occurred. On the way there a party of Hatfields overtook them and demanded that the boys be surrendered. The elder McCoy objected, but the Hatfields took the youths anyhow, while McCoy went for help.

Phamer, Tolbert and "Rand" McCoy, Jr., were taken some distance back in the hills and confined in an old outbuilding under heavy guard of the Hatfields. It was during this proceeding that "Devil Anse" appears in the narrative for the first time. It is stated that while the three McCoy boys were being taken back into the hills the party stopped at the Rev. Anderson Hatfield's. After a prayer there "Devil Anse" formed his clansmen together, and with the three McCoy's still under guard all crossed the river to West Virginia.

There the three McCoy's were again imprisoned in an abandoned house, ac-

curely trussed up and kept under heavy guard. "Devil Anse," his brothers, Elias and Valentine, and others of the clan were on duty constantly. Along in the first day of waiting Mrs. Sarah McCoy, mother of the three doomed boys, came to plead for them. The message to her was brief: "If Ellison dies, your boys have got to die." That day Ellison Hatfield died. Out there in the lonely mountains, far from their kindred or help from any source, the three young McCoy's were sentenced to death by their feudal enemies. It was decided that they should suffer death in Pike county, Ky., where Ellison Hatfield had received his death wounds, and then they more formally organized, apparently, for defence and offence,

as mortals—came the McCoy's. The Hatfields and their clansmen tied them to trees and shot them to death. The records of the Pike County Court show that, according to testimony, Randolph McCoy had one side of his head blown off; Phamer was shot about twelve times, while Tolbert was not so badly mutilated. Phamer and Randolph McCoy, Jr., were each under 20 years. No names are given in this narrative of men who may have actually done any of the shooting.

Then, after the work was done, the Hatfield band went back to the safety of the West Virginia mountains. Twenty-three Hatfields were indicted in Pike county for the murders, and then they more formally organized, apparently, for defence and offence,

with "Devil Anse" and his son "Cap" as their leaders. Murders from ambush, skirmishes between the opposing factions, exchanges of shots and dire threats were plentiful for the next few years. The casualties were about even in number, but so far, all told, the Hatfields had by far the best of the war. One story is told that is worth repeating here: Jeff McCoy was arrested for the murder of a non-feudist, Cap Hatfield started with him to a jail. McCoy finally found he could slip the rope which bound his hands. He did so, sprang into the river and started swimming toward the Kentucky side. He seemed safe, and though several shots were fired at him he succeeded in reaching the bank. But just as he

climbed to certain security Cap Hatfield, it has been alleged, shot him dead. It was just about this time that West Virginia and Kentucky came near finding themselves in a civil war because of this greatest of all feuds of North America. Gov. Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky asked Gov. E. W. Wilson of West Virginia for the arrest and surrender to Kentucky of the twenty-three members of the Hatfield faction who were under indictment in Pike county, Kentucky, for the murder of Randolph, Phamer and Tolbert McCoy.

Governors at Loggerheads.

Wilson refused to give them up, and after some hot letters had passed between the two Governors Frank Phillips, a deputy sheriff, slipped over into West Virginia, and after a long search cornered the Hatfields, and after considerable fighting, in which several men were wounded on both sides, he captured the men most wanted and hurried them across the line into Kentucky before the Hatfield clan could learn of it, and before Gov. Wilson could act to prevent him. A long court fight followed, but the Pike county courts won out.

Then it was that the most heartless crime of the whole feud was undertaken. Likewise, this was the final chapter in the great feud as a clan war. The Hatfields had believed if they could get Randolph McCoy, Sr., out of the way there would be easy sailing. Many of the McCoy's and Hatfields had long since bitten the dust, but the feud had gone on as severely as a feud can go on.

It is alleged that Cap Hatfield, son of "Devil Anse," was leader of the band which on the night of January 1, 1888, finally decided to put an end to old man "Rand" McCoy and his family by burning them all together in the house. It is not known how many Hatfields were in the gang, but there were enough.

The McCoy's in the house were asleep. One of the band crept forward and stuck a blazing fragment of the dry wood. Others followed and in